

A FINE EXAMPLE OF CO-OPERATION IN ROAD BUILDING.

As the problem of good roads now confronts nearly every voter of the South, let me tell what the farmers of this vicinity did the past summer in the way of road building.

First let me state that three districts out of five in this county are graded and graveled under the "bond issue system." Our district defeated the bond issue, on account of not having any railroads or corporations to help pay the higher taxes. This left the four miles of road of which I am writing, both ends joining the good roads of other districts, in a very bad condition. A consolidated school is located about the center, and the school wagons cut ruts in the road so deep that the transportation of children was almost impossible, besides being very inconvenient for farmers doing their hauling.

The farmers awoke to the situation, went before the board of supervisors, got them to make this a first-class road (it was a second-class), and agree to furnish the county convicts, provided the road was graveled.

A picnic was given and the proceeds reached \$400 and \$100 more was obtained by public subscription, the mail carrier, banks, merchants, and land-owners not living on the road being the largest contributors. Every farmer furnished a team and driver, the county seven or eight convicts, and the money paid the other expenses.

On an average twelve wagons were furnished, and in about three weeks the road was completed. Native gravel was used, getting it where convenient, and no charges were made by the owners. About 20 convicts were put in, making it a first-class road in every respect except width, though it is plenty wide for ordinary use.

The roads of the districts before mentioned cost about \$3,000 per mile, and, at this rate, this road would be worth \$12,000; but on account of width, we will cut it in half, valuing it at \$6,000. Now do you think the farmers could have made a better investment? The roads are good, the attendance at school much larger. The only way to have a good county is to have good schools, and good schools depend on good roads, and upon that point let every neighborhood co-operate, put their shoulders to the wheel, not put the county so deep in debt, but practice what The Progressive Farmer teaches, co-operation and economy.—Geo. H. Wade, in the Progressive Farmer.

A PLEA FOR THE DOG.

You don't understand what I say when I bark when you go by, little boy. You think I bark because I am cross and want to bite you. I say a great many things that nobody understands. I wish somebody would understand, for then I might be happier.

A long time ago when I was a puppy I was so happy! I ran about in the fields with my brother, and we tumbled over each other, and we had fine times running races. We barked just for the fun of it, just as you shout when you feel happy, and we enjoyed running about just as you do.

You know how good it is to run fast and call out to each other, and turn head over heels when school is out. Well, we had just such good times, and we played with the little boy who lives at our house; his name was Benny. When he had a cookie or anything extra good he would give us a piece, and we always had fresh water and good food three times a day.

It seems very long ago since I had those good times. As I lie here fastened with a chain I think about them, and sometimes when I sleep I dream that I am a free dog again and can run in the fields and eat the grass when I want it, and go about enjoying all the good earth smells. After a while, when I grew older, I was given away, and I missed my brother and the good times, and I waited dreadfully to see Benny once more, for I loved that boy.

I used to run and meet him when he came home from school, and jump up to his neck and lick his face. Then we would have a good run and tumble together, and after that I would sit and look at him and wag my tail, and tell him in every way I could how much I loved him and how sorry I was that we could not be together every minute. But I had to go away from him and the beautiful fields with the buttercups and clover and the cool, soft grasses.

My new master said he wanted me for a watch-dog, and he wanted me to be very cross if any stranger came near the house. But I did not feel cross at all at first; I only felt unhappy because I wanted to see Benny and every time any stranger came I

ran out quickly to see if Benny had come to take me away. When I rushed out they thought I was ugly and wanted to bite, and after a while they chained me up. Then I howled and tried to get away, but they only put on a stronger chain because I did break away one day.

You think it is hard to have to stay in the house on a rainy day or to stay after school when you don't get your lessons. How would you feel if you were tied with a chain as I am, a chain only long enough for you to turn around and walk back again? How would you like it? I think that pretty soon your legs would begin to ache and prick, and you would get so nervous that you would want to kick somebody or something, and you would scream and cry, too.—A. H. Education Society.

PATRIOTISM.

A nation is made great, not by its fruitful acres, but by the men who cultivate them; not by its great forests, but by the men who use them; not by its mines, but by the men who work in them; not by its railways, but by the men who build and run them. America was a great land when Columbus discovered it; Americans have made it a great Nation.

In 1776 our fathers had a vision of a new Nation "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal." Without any army they fought the greatest of existing world empires that they might realize this vision. A third of a century later, without a navy they fought the greatest navy in the world that they might win for their nation the freedom of the seas. Half a century later they fought through an unparalleled Civil War that they might establish for all time on this continent the inalienable right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. A third of a century later they fought to emancipate an oppressed neighbor, and victory won, gave back Cuba to the Cubans, sent an army of schoolmasters to educate for liberty the Philippines, asked no war indemnity from their vanished enemy, but paid him liberally for his property. Meanwhile they offered land freely to any farmer who would live upon and cultivate it, opened to foreign immigrants on equal terms the door of industrial opportunity, shared with them political equality, and provided by universal taxation for universal education.

The cynic who can see in this history only a theme for his egotistical satire is no true American, whatever his parentage, whatever his birthplace. He who looks with pride upon this history which his fathers have written by their heroic deeds, who accepts with gratitude the inheritance which they have bequeathed to him, and who highly resolves to preserve this inheritance unimpaired and to pass it on to his descendants enlarged and enriched, is a true American, be his birthplace or his parentage where it may.—Lyman Abbott.

REVISED ETHICS.

The moral sense, we must admit, has never been more alert, more open-minded, and the man never more sure of accomplishment through endeavor. He aims to-day as never before at a social adjustment, the adjustment of earning power and of wealth, or the public health and the education of minors, even ultimately at the regulation of the kind of people that shall be born into this world.

Never before have the means of spreading opinion been so stupendous. "Amid the daily contact of our social habit and thought, standards of value, subtle influences in the estimate of right and wrong pass from man to man just as quietly and unconsciously as the blood passes from one part of the body to another, bearing seeds of life or death to the whole body."

We would seem to have passed the stage already when secrets are proclaimed from the housetops. Also it is evident that the old system of rewards for virtue has dropped out of sight. No heaven is described and promised for the self-sacrificing and the virtuous. Somehow virtue must be understood to be its own reward. The gentle shall have love in their hearts and the mourners shall know the warm reaction of comfort; the meek shall enjoy the friendship of the earth and man; the hungry and the thirsty for righteousness shall become righteous; the merciful shall in turn be spared; the pure shall know what purity is; peacemakers shall be blessed as peacemakers; and those persecuted for a good cause shall know the highest bliss, which is self-respect. All this was pointed out some two thousand years ago, and the world is beginning to understand and accept it to-day.—Louise Collier Wilcox, in The North American Review.

BABY AS AN ACTOR.

It was reserved for the enterprise of "movie" creators to exploit babies as actors for the screen. Under the conditions of the real stage baby could not perform for the entertainment of a great audience. But on the screen he appears quite frequently and rarely does he fail to interest the motley crowd every second of the time his performance lasts.

If you are skeptical on this point and are not so interested yourself as to forget, just turn and survey suddenly the faces of the crowd at a glance while baby is to the front on the screen. You will see every eye fixed on him while on most faces a smile is unconsciously taking possession. Care-worn, many-lined, faces relax in gentle amusement. Children chuckle to themselves. Parental couples gaze with infinite good will at the baby look and motions.

So it will ever be. The movie brings before us in marvellously varied possession the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the hero and the villain, the pampered darling of fortune and the crushed victim of circumstance. It mirrors human life and all the phases of mother earth that backs it. In doing so it shows human nature as a strange texture of bright and dark, of sweet and bitter, of glory and shame. In real life we know that baby is close to all this, caught in the stream of it, though he did not volunteer, destined to grow up in the midst of it for better or for worse, though he does not comprehend. And with it all we know that he is a small bit of humanity without guile, without mixed or impure purpose, unscarred by cruel hurt, his trust unshaken by base betrayals, his actions untouched with insincerity, his smile honest and happy with that purity of happiness we lost long ago.

Therefore, the crowd loves him at first sight—all the crowd, for they all know him and his ways. The crowd watches him with unconscious wistfulness and the faint echo of his innocent happiness or, if he happens to be playing a troubled part and crying pitiously, many an arm all but reaches for him in impulsive sympathy. For everybody knows he is not "acting." And here, too, is another secret of his charm. Among the actors baby is not an actor, but is just being a baby in dead earnest.

In adding baby to the cast of characters in the play the movie actors have touched a sensitive spot, in the universal human heart and the response is sure and wholesome. You cannot picture life as it is and leave him off the screen.—Spartanburg Herald.

KNOW YOUR MAN BEFORE VOTING.

The Abbeville Medium had a recent editorial under the caption, "Know Your Man," in which it gave some very wholesome advice about the care that should be exercised in casting one's vote. The Medium is sure that every voter should know his man before giving him support.

The trouble lies in the fact that it is not such an easy matter to know men, especially politicians. They have a way of presenting a front so attractive as to make you feel that they are angels. You can not get inside and see their hearts, and often it is a very difficult matter to know their real character from their representations. The advice of The Medium reminds us of the fellow who told another how to cook a hare. The first thing to be done was to catch the hare. Ah, friend that is it! Catch your man if you can and then roast him!

Then there are good men and true who are often badly misrepresented by the fellow who is out and who wants to get in. He blackens reputation, and would ruin character if he could, all to accomplish his selfish ends. He not only works himself, but he puts others out to do their best. He will spend money, and go the limit to make out his case against the other fellow. You stand bewildered and decide that you knew your man, but you must be mistaken. After all, it seems to be a leap in the dark. Know your man if you can. Catch your hare if you can then roast him, but do not roast him before you do catch him.—Greenwood Journal.

Thought.

Thinking cannot be clear till it has had expression. We must write, or speak, or act our thoughts, or they will remain in a half torpid form. Our feelings must have expression, or they will be as clouds, which, till they descend in rain, will never bring up fruit or flower. So it is with all the inward feeling; expression gives them development. Thought is the blossom; language the opening bud; action the fruit behind it.—H. W. Beecher.

NOT BURGLARS, BUT A DOG

Odd Discovery Made by Detective in New York Mansion Solved Great Mystery.

"For the past few nights," said an electrician who was called to a Fifth avenue mansion to look for wire trouble, according to a New York correspondent of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, "just as the family got into bed every burglar alarm in the house went off. It frightened them almost to death at first. On the second night the burglar alarm did the same act. So they called me in. After going all through the house I located the trouble by chance. And now what do you suppose caused this state of affairs? As I was seeking the cause of the bother, while walking across the drawing room, off went all the bells. I took up the flooring and discovered a nail had been driven directly between two of the wires, scratching the insulation, and when the loose board was walked upon the nail pushed down, made a short circuit and the bells rang merrily. Over this loose board and nail had been placed a tiger-skin rug. On this a massive St. Bernard dog made a comfortable bed. When he would move about during his slumbers his great weight pressed the nail down, closing the circuit and arousing all the inmates of the house in terror. This would never have been discovered if I hadn't accidentally stepped on the right spot, and I would have been dumfounded until today."

COMPARISON IN MEN'S FAVOR

Writer Asserts That the Female Sex Is Far Less Conventional Than the Male.

The reader may differ from me, but I believe that woman is much less conventional than man, writes W. L. George in the Atlantic Monthly. She does all the conventional things and attacks other women savagely for breaches of convention. But you will generally find that where a man may with impunity break a convention he will not do so, while, if secrecy is guaranteed, a woman will please herself first and repent only if necessary. It follows that a man is conventional because he respects convention; woman conventional because she is afraid of what may happen if she does not obey convention. I submit that this shows a greater degree of conventionality in man.

The typical Englishman of the world, wrecked on a desert island, would get into his evening clothes as long as his shirts lasted; I do not think his wife, alone in such circumstances, would wear a low cut dress to take her meal of coconuts, even if her frock buttoned up in front.

Uses of the Line Telephone.

A man was telling us that down in the country he stopped at a house that had a line telephone, and while he sat there, it rang, and forthwith there was a rush to it, notwithstanding the number of rings indicated another house, the Columbus (O.) State Journal observes. But that made no difference, for they were just as much interested in what their neighbors were saying to each other, or what the dealer had to say to any one of them. They never for a moment questioned their right to listen or the propriety of it. That was one thing they had the telephone for—to listen to what the neighbors were talking about. And it was not such a bad thing as it seemed, for it tended to rule out all mean and unkind talk and establish propriety and courtesy as the rule of the telephone. At any rate, it saves everyone on the line from the sad effect of scandalous talk. There is nothing that so contributes to the morality and kindly bearing of a neighborhood as a line telephone.

Men Who Are Winners.

The men who win (and this does not mean simply success in money getting) are the men who are human, open minded, with very little of the preening peacock fuss-and-feathers in their make-up. They do not declaim from the housetops, neither do they insist on being it. They do not act and talk as though they were nine feet high. Their force is plain and quick, simple and direct. They live on time and not on credit. Their promises are trusted; and presently the world at hand, comes their way and says to them, "If you please."

Cotton.

Cotton is usually differentiated in ordinary classification by the length of its staple. "Ordinary cotton" in the United States is of several kinds, chief among them the upland cotton, with a staple of from seven-eighths to one inch in length, and Gulf or Texas cotton, on which the staple is not usually quite so long. The longest-stapled cottons among the "ordinary cottons" here are the bottom land or bender cotton, with a staple of from one and one-eighth to one and one-fourth inch, and the special fancy staple cotton, one and three-eighths to one and five-eighths inch in length. The sea island cotton, which is grown on the sea islands off the coast of South Carolina, has a staple of from one and a half to two and a half inches, the average length being one and three-fourths. The Egyptian cotton is being grown in southern California, New Mexico and Arizona; its staple is not so long as the sea island cotton, but compares rather with the upland cotton here.

A FIRE

may occur when you think you are safe. It is not a question as to whether or not you are able to insure, but can you afford not to insure? "Better to have a policy and not need it, than need one and not have it." Apply to

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If you are run down, tired, nervous, overworked or lack strength, get Scott's Emulsion to-day. It is free from alcohol. Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

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Good for your own Aches, Pains, Rheumatism, Sprains, Cuts, Burns, Etc.
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NOTICE OF DISCHARGE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will, as executor of the estate of Anderson Beaver deceased on the 30th day of March, 1916, make his final return as such executor and apply to the Probate Court of Lancaster county for letters of dismission.

W. H. WALLACE.

Executor estate of A. Beaver deceased.
Feb. 29, 1916. 29-7-14-21-41

SOUTHERN RAILWAY

Premier Carrier of the South.

PASSENGER TRAIN SCHEDULES.

Trains arrive Lancaster from:

No. 113—York, Rock Hill and intermediate stations 8:45 a. m.

No. 113—Charleston, Columbia and intermediate stations 10:11 a. m.

No. 114—Marion, Blacksburg, Charlotte and intermediate stations, 1:35 p. m.

No. 117—Columbia, Kingsville and intermediate stations, 7:25 p. m.

Trains leave Lancaster for:

No. 118—Kingsville, Columbia and intermediate stations 8:45 a. m.

No. 113—Rock Hill, Blacksburg, Marion, Charlotte and intermediate stations, 10:11 a. m.

No. 114—Kingsville, Columbia, Charleston and intermediate stations 1:35 p. m.

No. 117—Rock Hill, York, and intermediate stations, 7:41 p. m.

Schedule figures are published as information only, not guaranteed.

For information as to passenger fares etc., call on

Lancaster & Chester Ry. Co.

Schedule in Effect August 15, 1915.

Eastern Time.

WESTBOUND.

Lv. Lancaster 6:00am—2:30pm

Lv. Fort Lawn 6:30am—4:08pm

Lv. Bascomville 6:45am—4:28pm

Lv. Richburg 6:55am—4:38pm

Ar. Chester 7:20am—5:25pm

EASTBOUND.

Lv. Chester 8:00am—6:45pm

Lv. Richburg 9:45am—7:27pm

Lv. Bascomville 10:00am—7:38pm

Lv. Fort Lawn 10:30am—7:56pm

Ar. Lancaster 11:00am—8:25pm

Connections—Chester with Southern, Seaboard and Carolina & North-eastern Railways.

Fort Lawn, with Seaboard Air Line Railways.

Lancaster with Southern Railway.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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